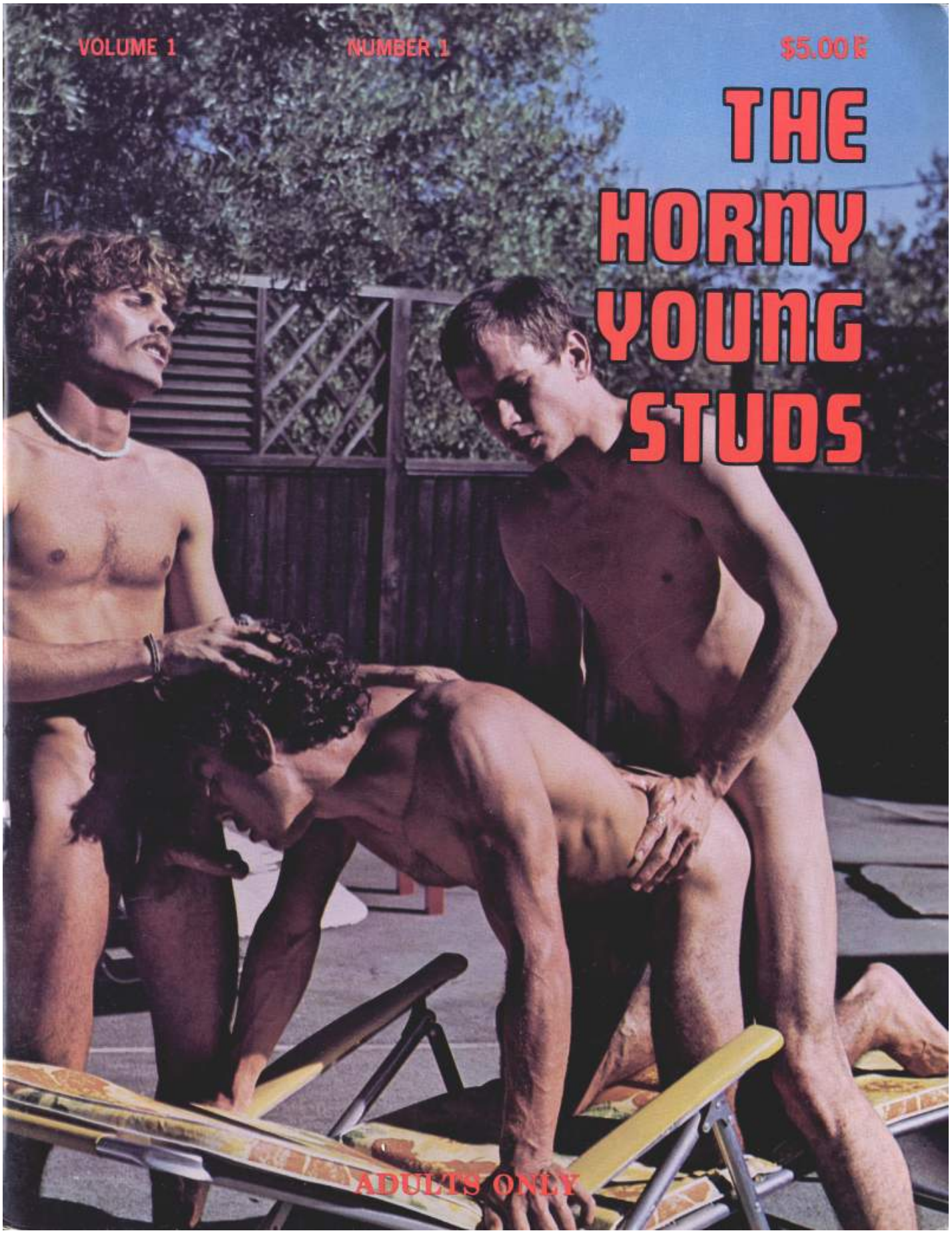
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THE HORNY YOUNG STUDS
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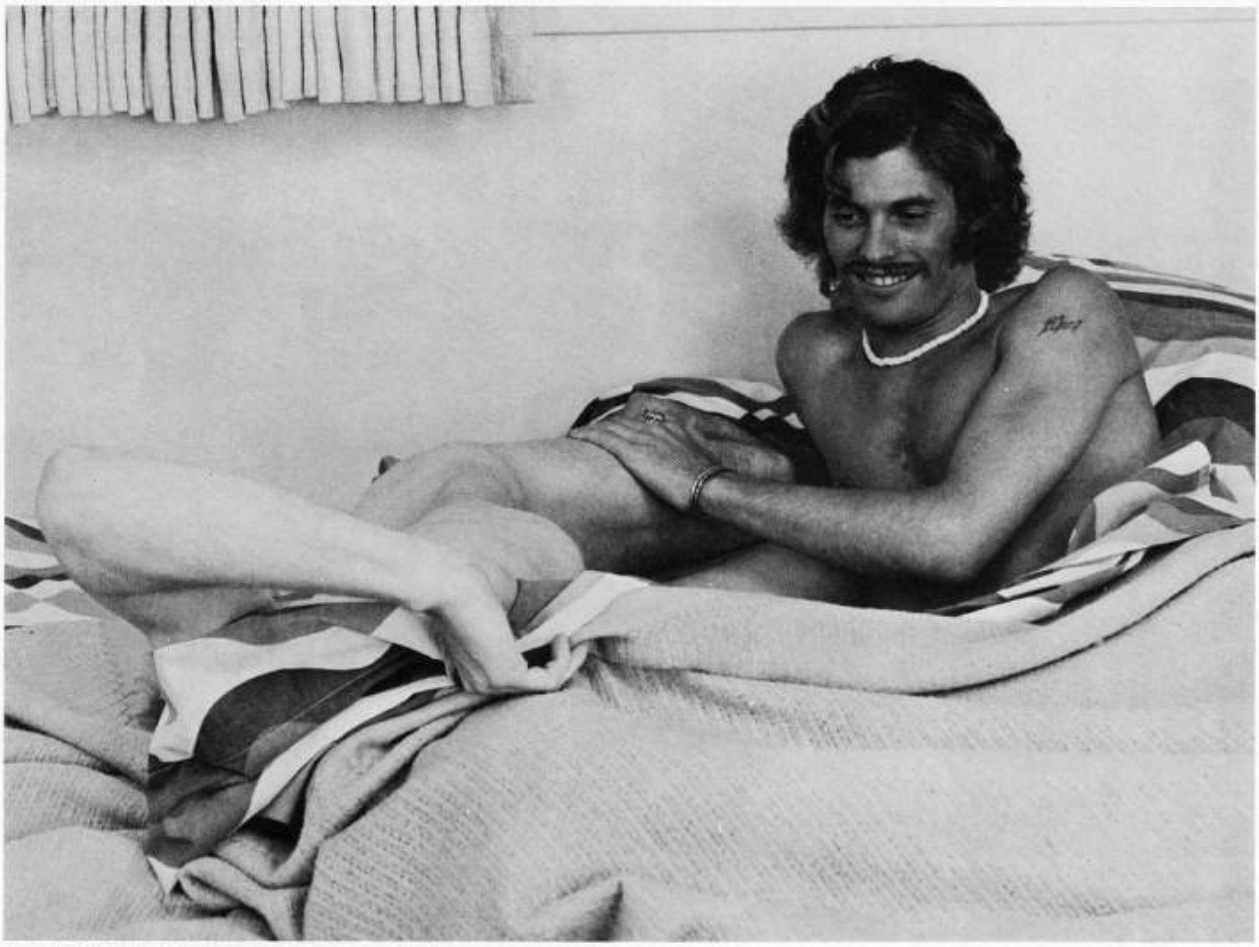

THE HORNY YOUNG STUDS
(November, December 1975, January 1976)

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THE HORNY YOUNG STUDS

Billy stretched sensuously and tried to keep from opening his eyes. It was daylight out. He knew it was time to get up—probably long past time. But for a long, valiant moment he was able to shut out the day, to pretend to still be asleep.

Then at last he opened his eyes, slowly at first to become accustomed to the daylight out there, stretched again, and faced the prospect of a new day.

It was then that he was first conscious of the warmth of Bob's body beside him in bed. He had been aware of it subconsciously all along, of course—if Bob hadn't been there, Billy would have known instantly that something was wrong—but now he felt the warmth, the security of having Bob by his side. The very thought of his love brought a pleasant shuddering sensation to his groin and caused his cock to rise to attention.

He looked over to his left and saw the familiar shape that was

Bob covered completely by the blankets. He whipped down the blanket, ready to waken Bob with a big, sloppy kiss, and suddenly he found himself staring at his lover's feet! Somehow, Bob had gotten completely turned around in the bed during the night.

Just at that moment he felt a wet, warm sensation in his cock, and the thrill of Bob's fantastic mouth slipping down over his erection. "Oh, Jeez!" he sighed, "what a thing to wake up to in the morning!"

With a laugh, Billy pulled the blanket down to reveal all of Bob, the entire exciting length of his naked body. Bob grinned up at Billy and they kissed. "How did you wind up turned around like that, anyway?" asked Billy as he caught his breath between kisses.

"Well, if you don't remember," replied Bob slyly, "I'm sure too embarrassed to tell you!"

"No matter," said Billy. "That was last night. Let's try *this* position this morning!" As he spoke he drew Bob up onto his knees and kissed him again. Then his kisses moved down onto Bob's neck, across his smooth, hairless chest, and ever closer to their real

goal—his stiff, anxious cock.

Bob leaned back and smiled as he felt Billy's lips work their magic on his cock. He felt Billy take him deeply into his mouth, working back and forth, up and down, forcing his cock into ever greater responsiveness. Then Billy worked on him with his tongue, flicking it up and down the length of the cock and caressing the rosy head delicately with the end of his tongue.

Soon Bob began to feel guilty, lying back and enjoying this exquisite sex without responding in kind. He moved around a bit and

soon found himself facing Billy's own cock, itself hard and anxious for stimulation. While Billy sucked on him, Bob took Bill's cock into his own mouth and began working on it, duplicating the teasing little flicks of the tongue that he so enjoyed Billy giving to him.

In a moment Bob worked hs way down below Billy's cock, sucking and licking at the balls, and finally thrusting his head deeper down between Billy's legs and burying his face in the crevice of Billy's buttocks. He worked with his tongue at the asshole, running his hands all the while

over the smooth, soft, pliable cheeks of the ass. He was in heaven. How he loved Billy's soft, sensual ass! For that matter, how he loved Billy—all of him, every beautiful inch!

Almost as soon as Bob began rimming him, Billy had to give up his sucking. It was such a pleasure, such a deeply erotic pleasure, to feel Bob's hands on his ass, his wet tongue working its wonders deep down between his cheeks, that he wanted to devote every nerve fiber of his being to the sensation. He wanted no other distractions—certainly nothing as excitingly dis-

tracting as Bob's long, beautifully shaped cock. Billy rolled over onto his stomach, closed his eyes, and let his mind wander as Bob's tongue probed deeper and deeper into his asshole.

He barely felt the movement when Bob drew him up onto his knees, his ass thrust upwards to Bob's exploring tongue, or as Bob began probing at his tiny asshole with the head of his cock. So Billy's cry of surprise and ecstasy was quite genuine as Bob plunged the whole length of his rod deep down into his bowels. He certainly

could not daydream with Bob's huge cock forcing its way into him. Every bit of him, every nerve and every cell, was alive with the knowledge that Bob was fucking him, fucking him with a firm, insistent passion.

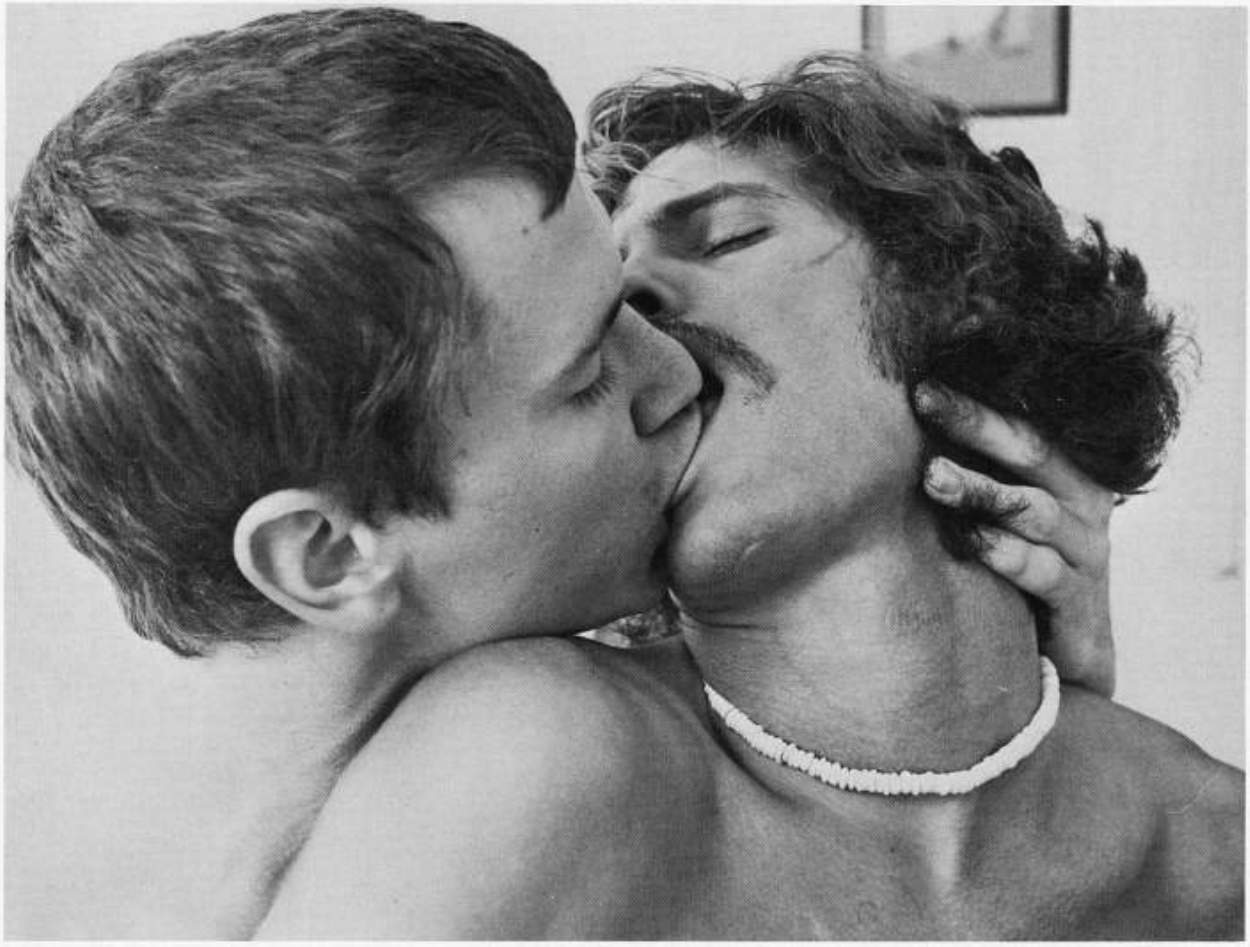
With each thrust of Bob's body he felt the warm, firm, smooth abdomen flush up against his asscheeks and the long, rock-hard cock sinking into him. With each thrust of Bob's body he let out another sigh, another groan, another signal of his extreme pleasure. He sat upright so that he

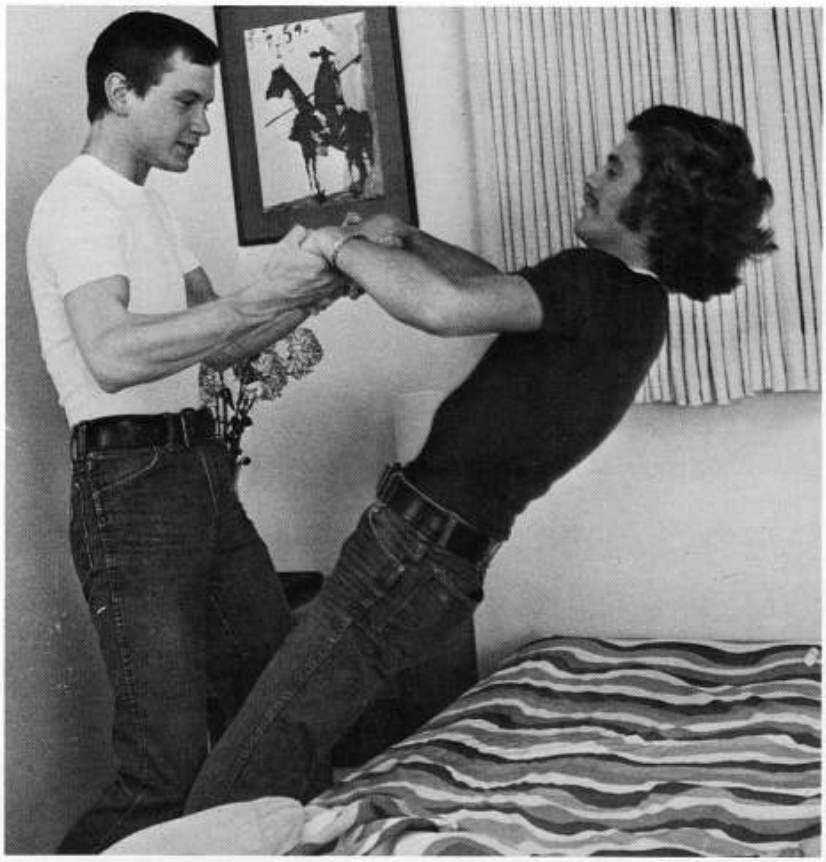
could feel the reassuring warmth of Bob's body against his back, and so that he could reach around and kiss Bob passionately on the lips, all the while Bob was fucking him. And then he threw his face

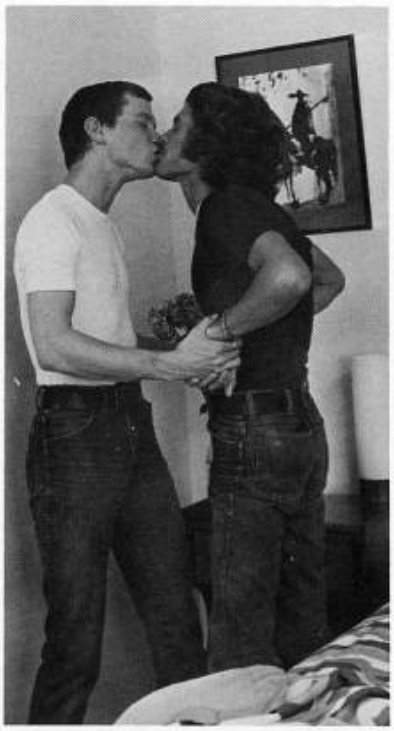
back against the bed, thrusting his ass up into the air and lunging backward to meet each forward roll of Bob's hips.

The short, ragged gasps of Bob's breath told Billy that it was not long now, and sure enough, in a brief moment he felt the warm gushing rush of Bob's cum coursing into him, and Bob leaned forward with a great relieved sigh and planted a kiss on the back of Billy's neck.

They fell back onto the bed, arms around each other in an open display of the affection they truly felt for each other. But finally they could put it off no longer—







they simply had to get up. They dressed reluctantly, each sorry to have to miss the sight of the other's naked body.

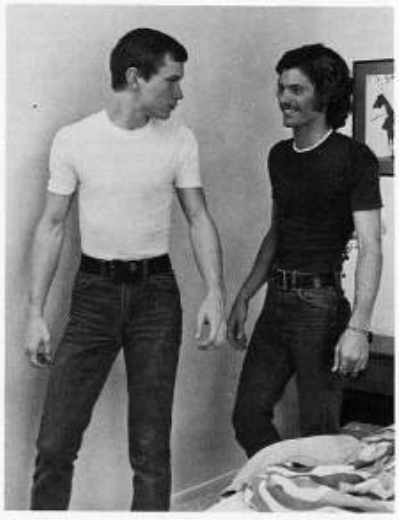
"Well," said Billy when they had dressed, "what shall we do for the rest of the day?"

"Gee, I don't know," said Bob. Then an impish grin shone from his face, and he looked at Billy. "Say, how about Ben and Russ?" he suggested. "We promised that we'd pay them a visit and have a swim in their pool. And besides," he added, his grin even broader, "I could dig doing Ben and Russ for the rest of the day! How about you?"

With a smile and a kiss, Billy gave his approval to the idea and they left for Ben and Russ' apartment.

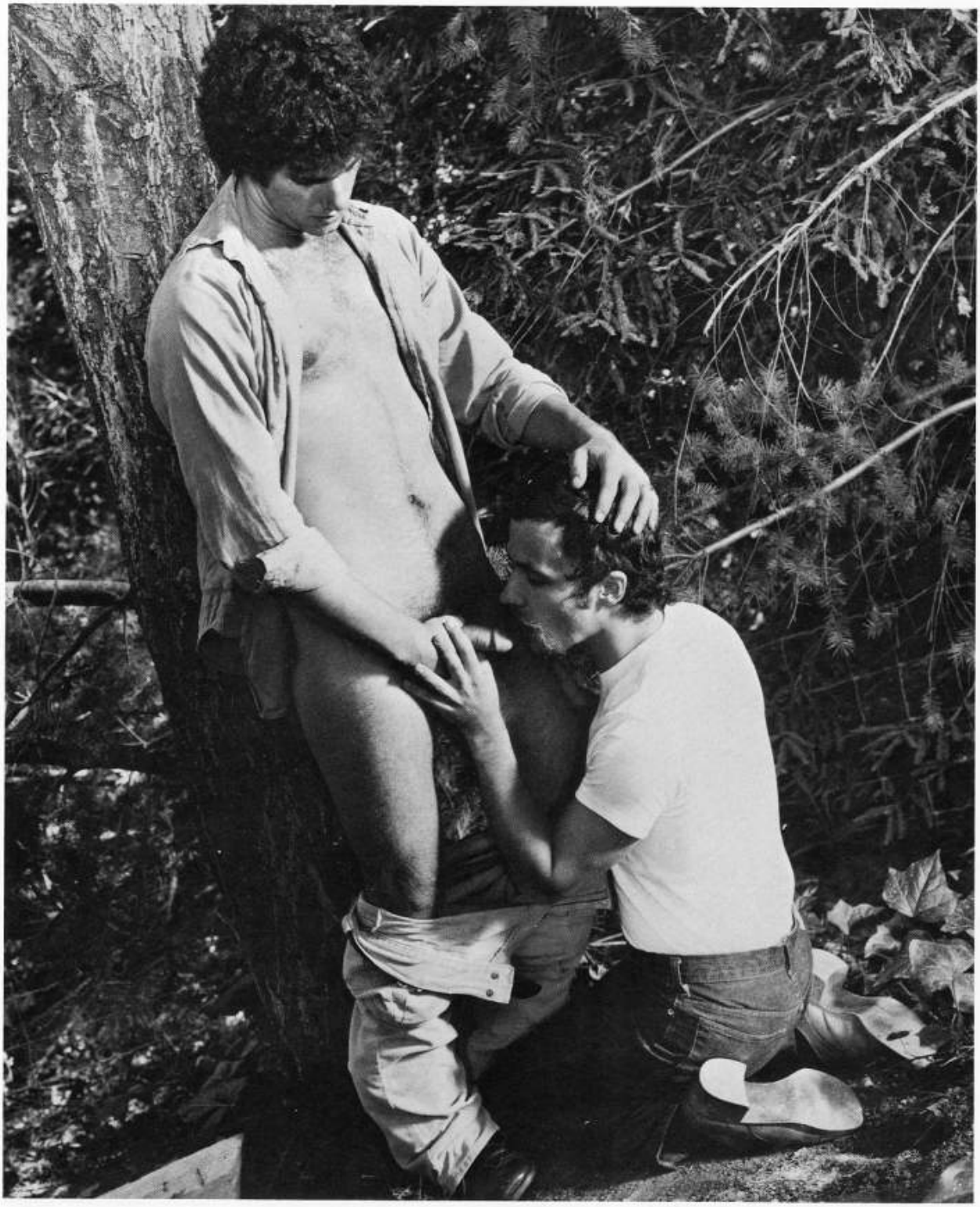
It would have taken earlier birds than Billy and Bob to have gotten Ben's worm, however. He and Russ were already up, had already had a brisk morning swim in their pool (naked, of course—no one was allowed to wear any clothing at all when using their pool) and while Russ sunned himself at poolside, Ben had gone out for a stroll in the park. "Sightseeing," he called it, and sure enough there were a good many enticing sights to be seen in the park on this particular morning. Down by the lake there had been a gorgeous young high school athlete out jogging. Ben had stared openly at the boy's broad, chiseled chest and as the boy passed him, he had seen that his sweatsuit pants had worked down so far in back that there was an inch and a half of cleavage showing. Ben had to sit down and catch his breath after that one.

Then there were the "young



lovers" as Ben called them—two pretty boys with college sweaters walking together gazing at each other with such undisguised love that it must have been obvious even to the blind beggar on the corner, Ben thought.

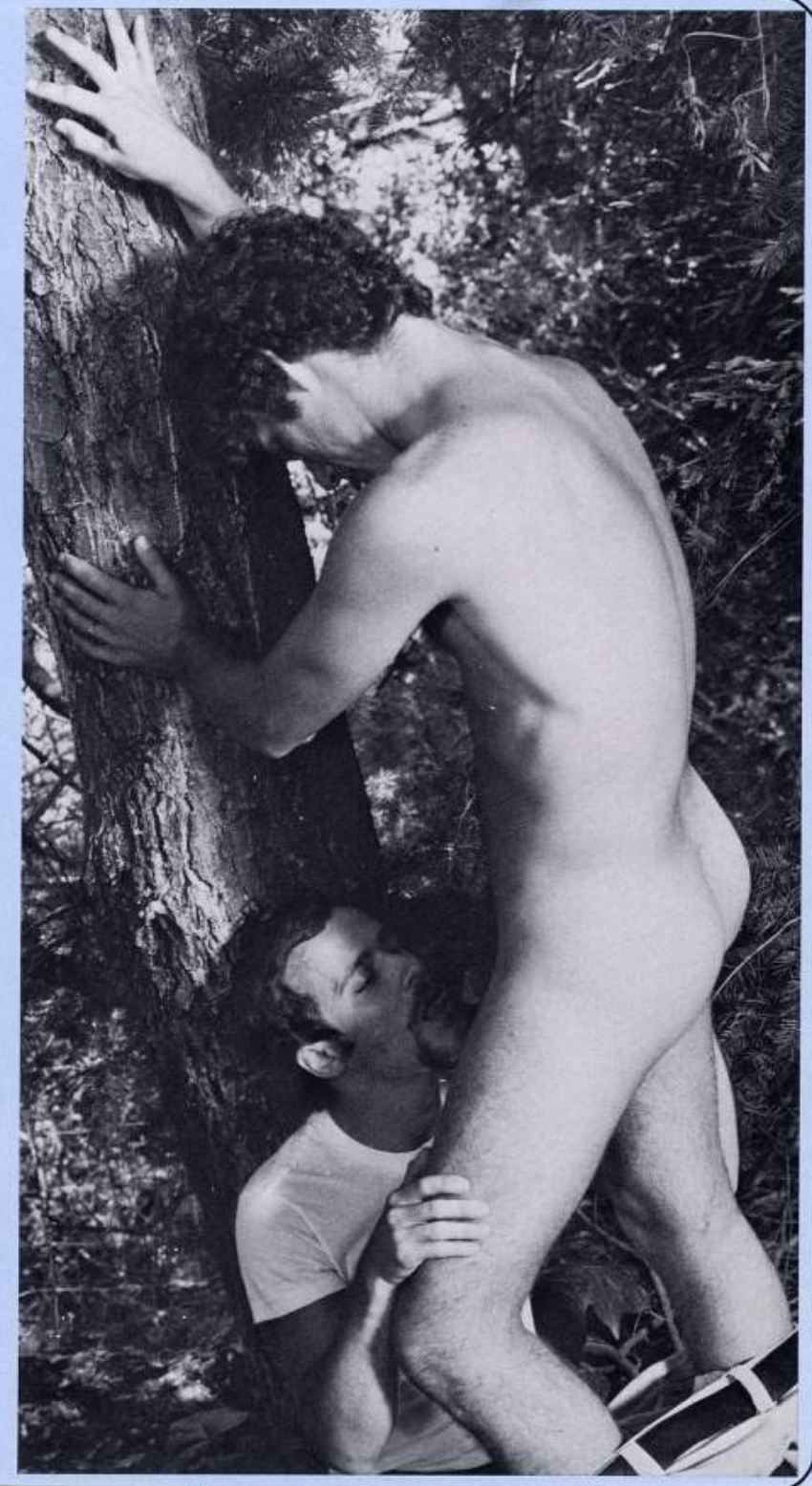
And there was the hustler who always hung out around the playground—big, beefy, hairy, and hung like a bull in heat. The skin-tight jeans made that obvious.

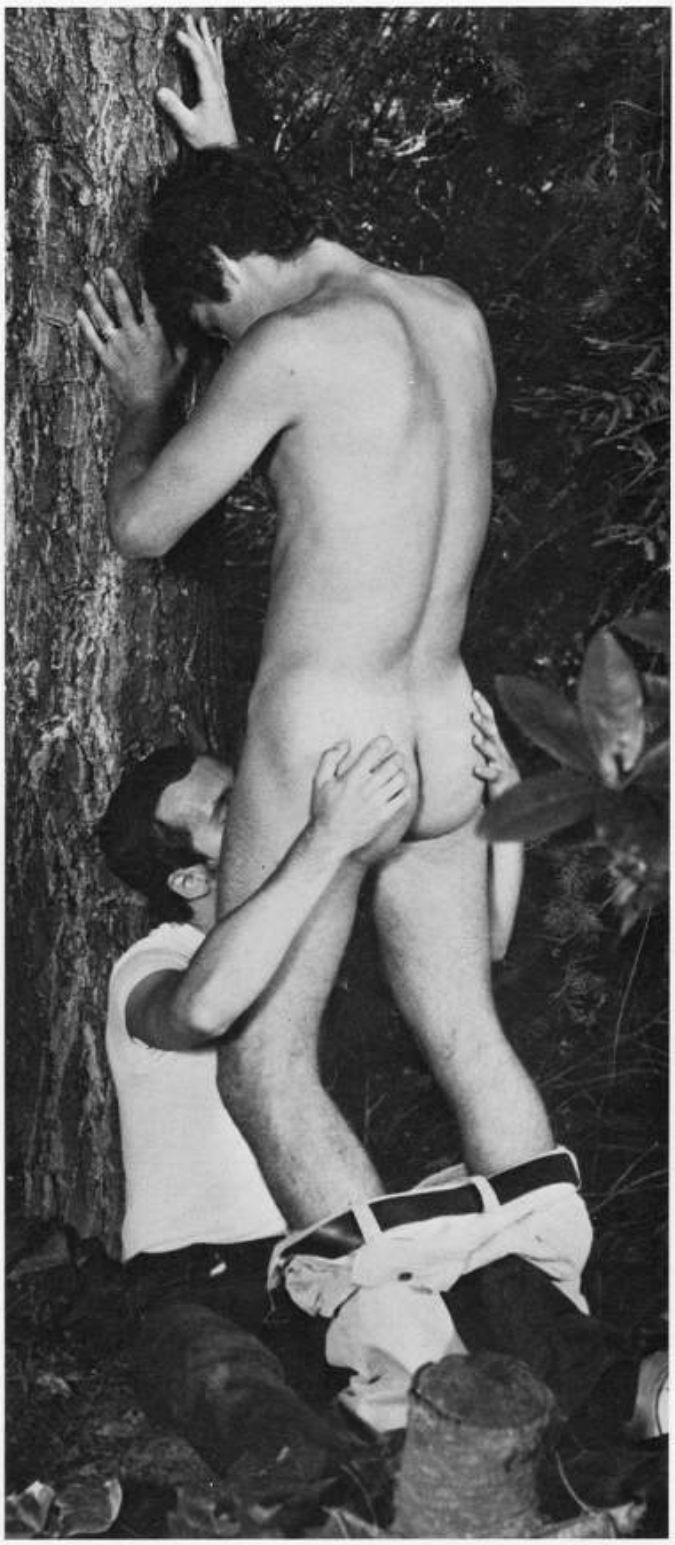


And Ben knew from first-hand experience that that huge bulge was *not* three-quarters sweat sock, as the more uncharitable queens rumored. It was all 100% Grade-A beef!

Ben strolled down one of the less-frequented paths at the far end of the park, and just when he was about to decide that it was time to turn around and start back, he spotted the boy. He was leaning back against a tree, his shirt open to the navel to reveal a nice chest covered with just enough, but not too much, hair and his slacks clinging provocatively to exquisitely shaped thighs and a most intriguing basket.

Ben was interested. He was also aware, as he had been checking the boy out, mentally stripping off that shirt and pants to reveal in his mind's eye the beautiful, naked body that they covered but did not disguise, that the boy was looking him over, too. Ben knew that in the boy's eye he himself was as jay-naked as the boy was in his eye. He strolled up to the boy as he reclined sensuously against the tree.





"Hi," said Ben. "Waiting for someone?"

"Yeah," the boy replied, looking Ben over again. "I'm waiting for you."

"My name's Ben."

"Mine's Joe."

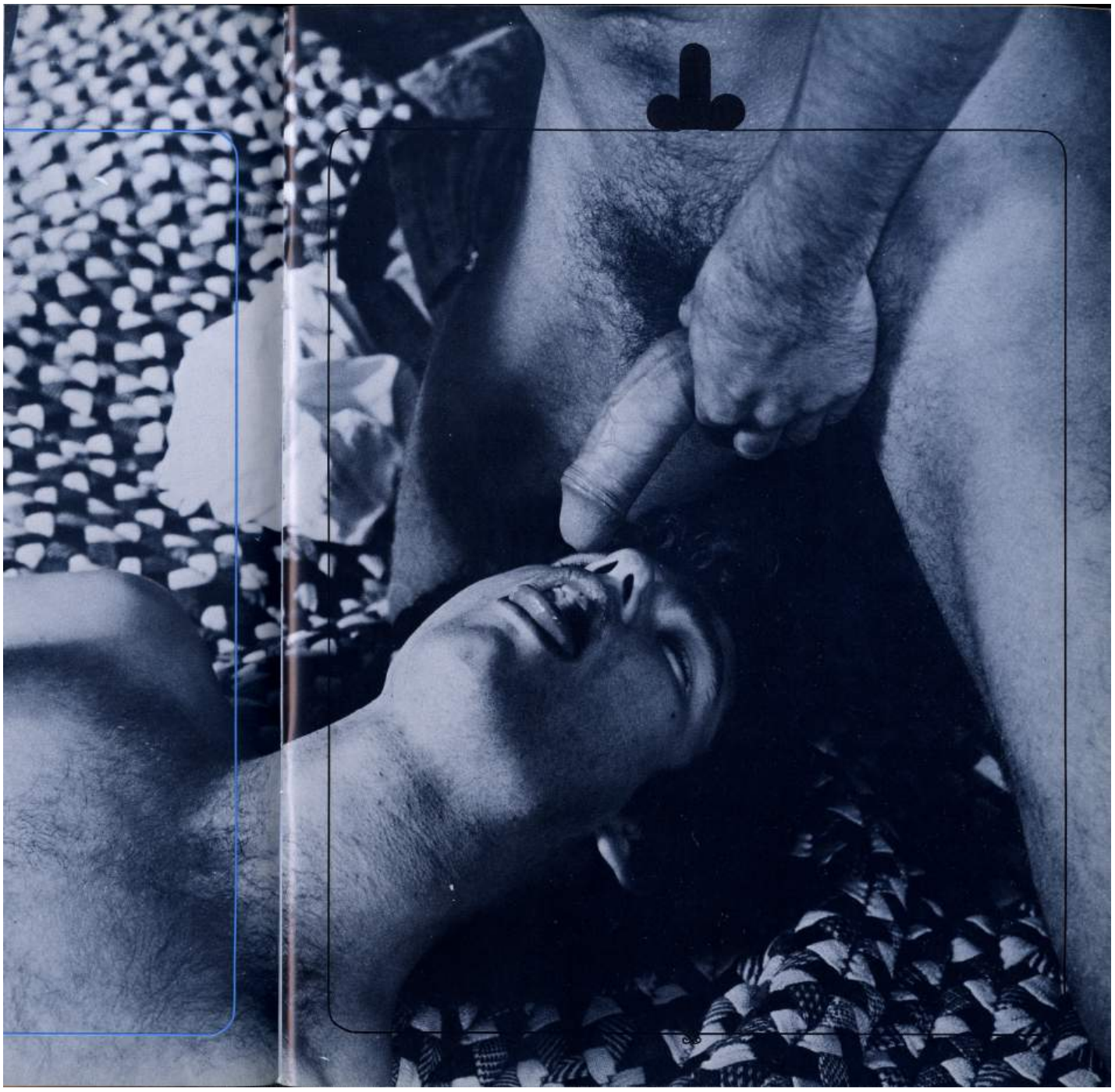
"Hi, Joe."

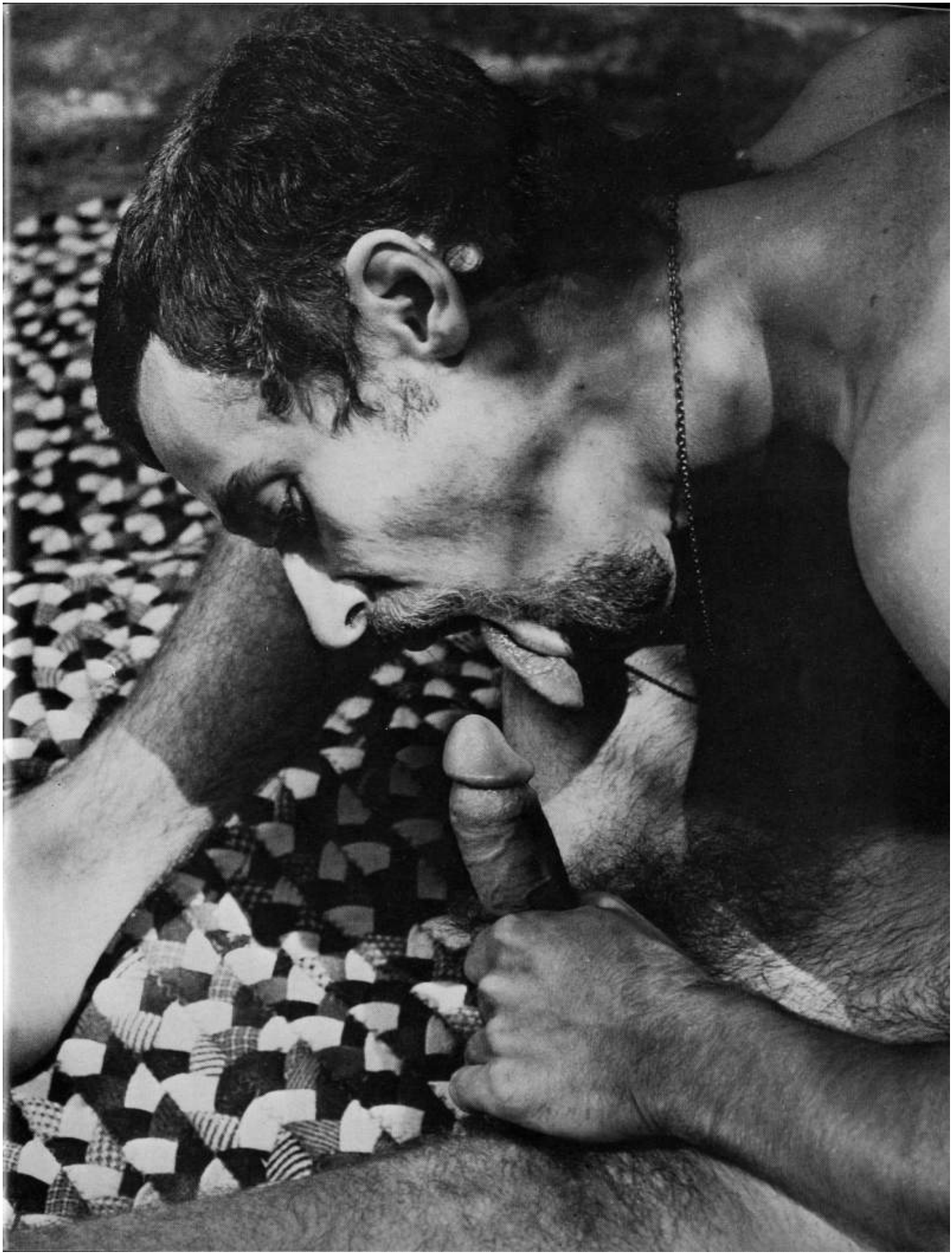
"Hi, Ben."

"Okay, now that we have the formalities out of the way . . ." Ben finished with a smile as he unbuttoned the last button of Joe's shirt and pulled it back off his shoulders, revealing fully his softly muscled chest. He immediately attacked Joe's nipples with his tongue and from the low gasp Joe let out, he knew that his work was appreciated. He worked over the whole exposed area of Joe's body with his kisses, from his open and waiting mouth, across his wide chest, and down to the

belly. But it was not enough. Greedily he unbuckled Joe's belt and parted his pants until a full bush of curly dark hair lay exposed before him. He buried his face in the hair, his tongue licking down further, feeling the base of the hot and hard cock still trapped inside the pants.

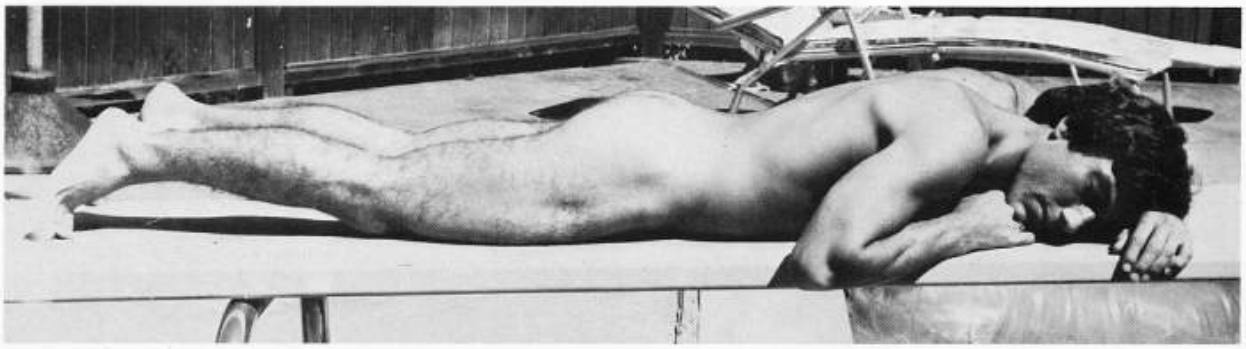
Ben could not bear to think of that poor cock, stiff and longing for freedom, trapped in the constraining and stifling pants. Ben gave the pants a firm tug, drawing them down Joe's thighs. The liberated cock leaped joyfully forward, brushing across Ben's lips as though to kiss him in gratitude for setting it free. Ben returned the kiss, and seeing the rod-like cock





twitch with excitement he took it hungrily into his mouth, coating it all over with his saliva and running his lips and his tongue over and over every erect inch of it.

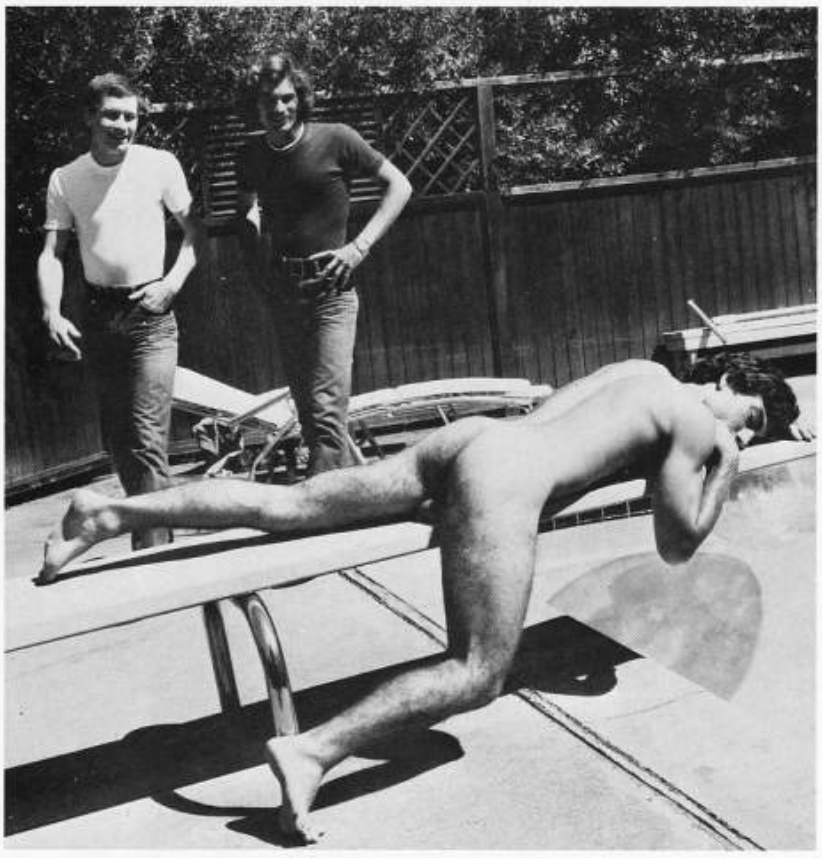
Ben felt Joe's hands on his head, stroking his hair encourag-



ingly and easing his head down onto the cock even further than he had gone before.

Moving slowly, careful not to disengage Ben's experienced mouth from his cock, Joe stepped out from the tree and allowed his shirt to slip down off his arms and fall to the ground. Ben countered Joe's move by sitting back with his back against the tree, and Joe leaned over him, his cock still at full attention and still buried deeply within Ben's mouth.

Ben ran his hands up and down Joe's naked legs, feeling the working of the muscles of his thighs. His hands moved up a little further, feeling the sweet doughy softness of his buttocks, kneading the beautifully rounded cheeks and forcing his hips forward so as to take his cock down into his throat.



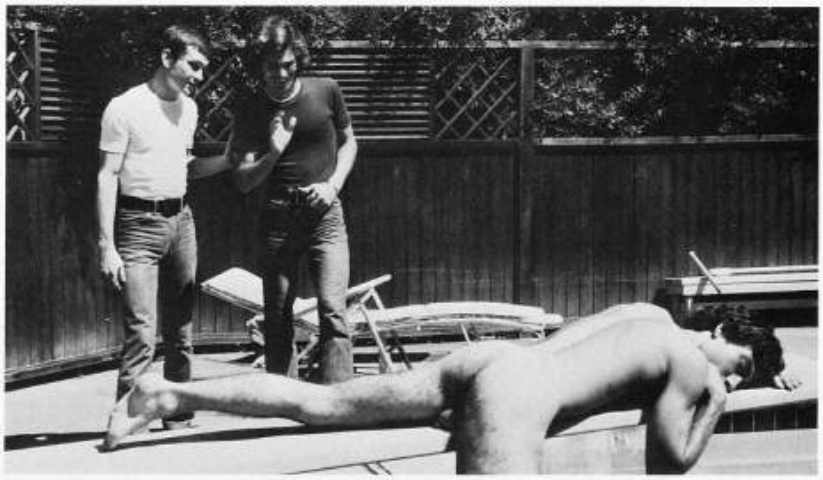
"Hey," Joe breathed after a long, ecstatic moment, "what about me? Aren't I going to get any?"

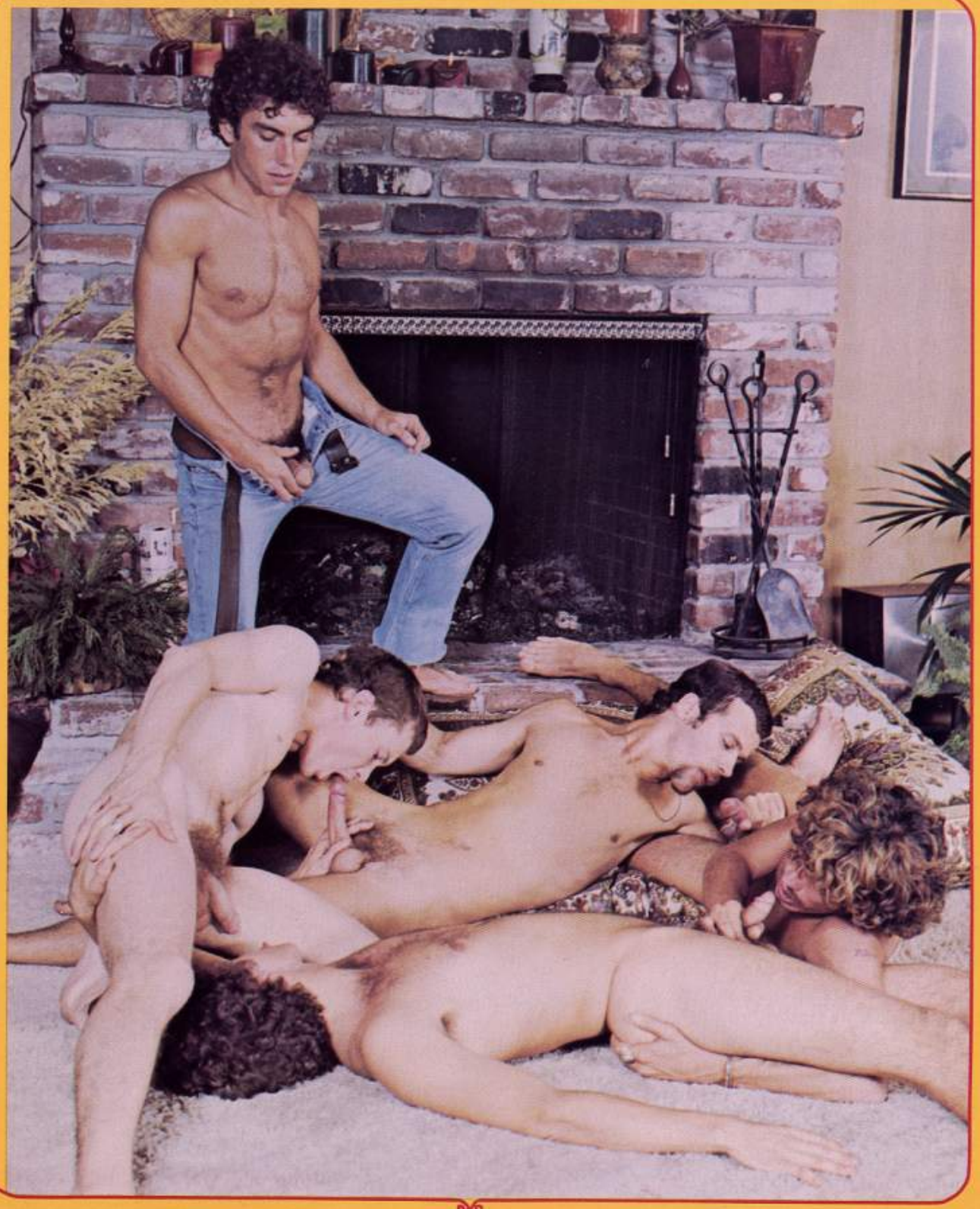
Ben took his cue and broke apart from Joe long enough to strip off his own clothes. Standing naked in the cool morning air, being eyed inch by inch by the equally naked Joe, Ben felt a wild,

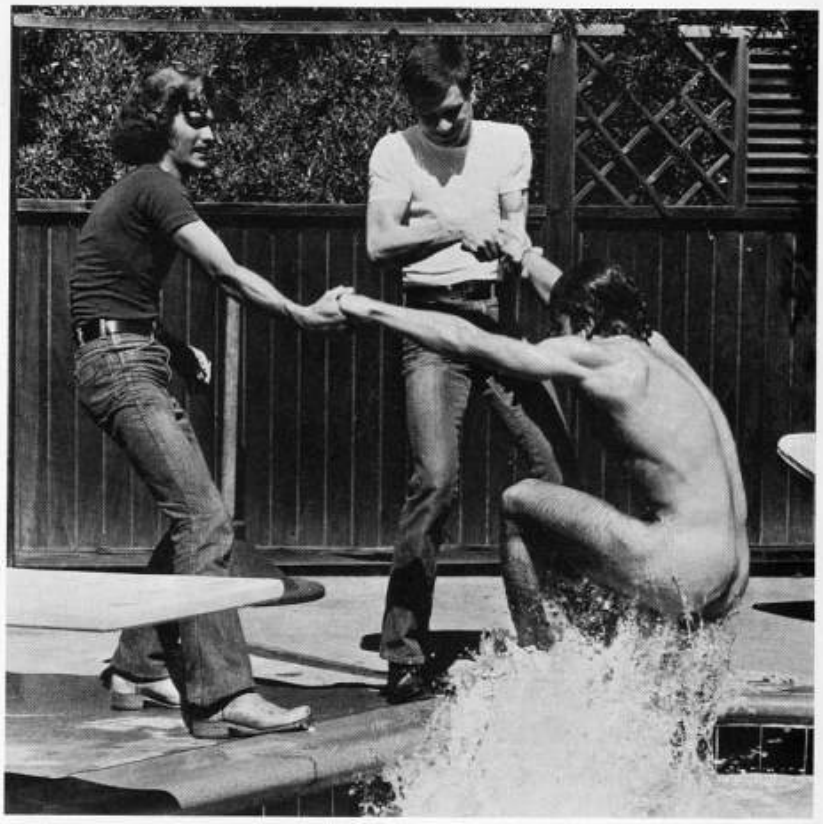
animal excitement.

Without a word Joe dropped to the ground and lay on his back on a convenient throw rug left by some long-forgotten picnickers. Ben dropped to his own knees, straddling Joe's head and quickly, hungrily, as though the whole experience had only been a prologue to this moment, Joe took Ben's erection into his mouth and sucked.

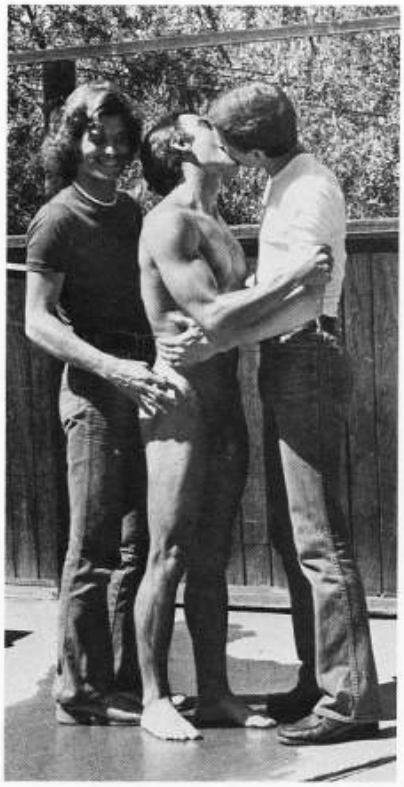
"Oh, God!" cried Ben. "Oh, God, that's wild!" He threw back his head and let all his senses con-







centrate on his aching groin and his tingling, throbbing cock buried in Joe's hot, wet mouth. Finally Ben leaned forward, resting the length of his upper body on top of Joe's, and once more he took Joe's hard cock, pleading for his attention, back into his mouth. He ran his tongue along the length of it and played delicately around the head, now inflamed with excitement. He felt the whole cock



twitch and lurch under his attention, and he felt Joe attack his own cock with renewed passion.

Ben felt his cum building up within him, surging forward to burst forth under Joe's enticement, and from the energetic rolling of Joe's hips he knew that Joe, too, must be about ready to explode from the excitement of the moment. The tingling in his own cock grew greater and even greater still, until he thought he would pass out from the excitement. His head was swimming; a numbness was coming over his limbs. And then suddenly he felt himself cuming into Joe's mouth. He felt the surging relief as wave after wave of his hot, sticky cum coursed out into the waiting throat. At the same moment he felt his own mouth filling with the sweet, fluid essence of Joe's life.

After a moment he licked the head of Joe's cock, getting the last little bit of cum that he hadn't already taken into himself, and with a great sigh of relief, he rolled over onto his back beside Joe. They lay there for a long while, exploring each other's bodies gently with fingers and hands, each marveling in the compelling, masculine beauty of the other.

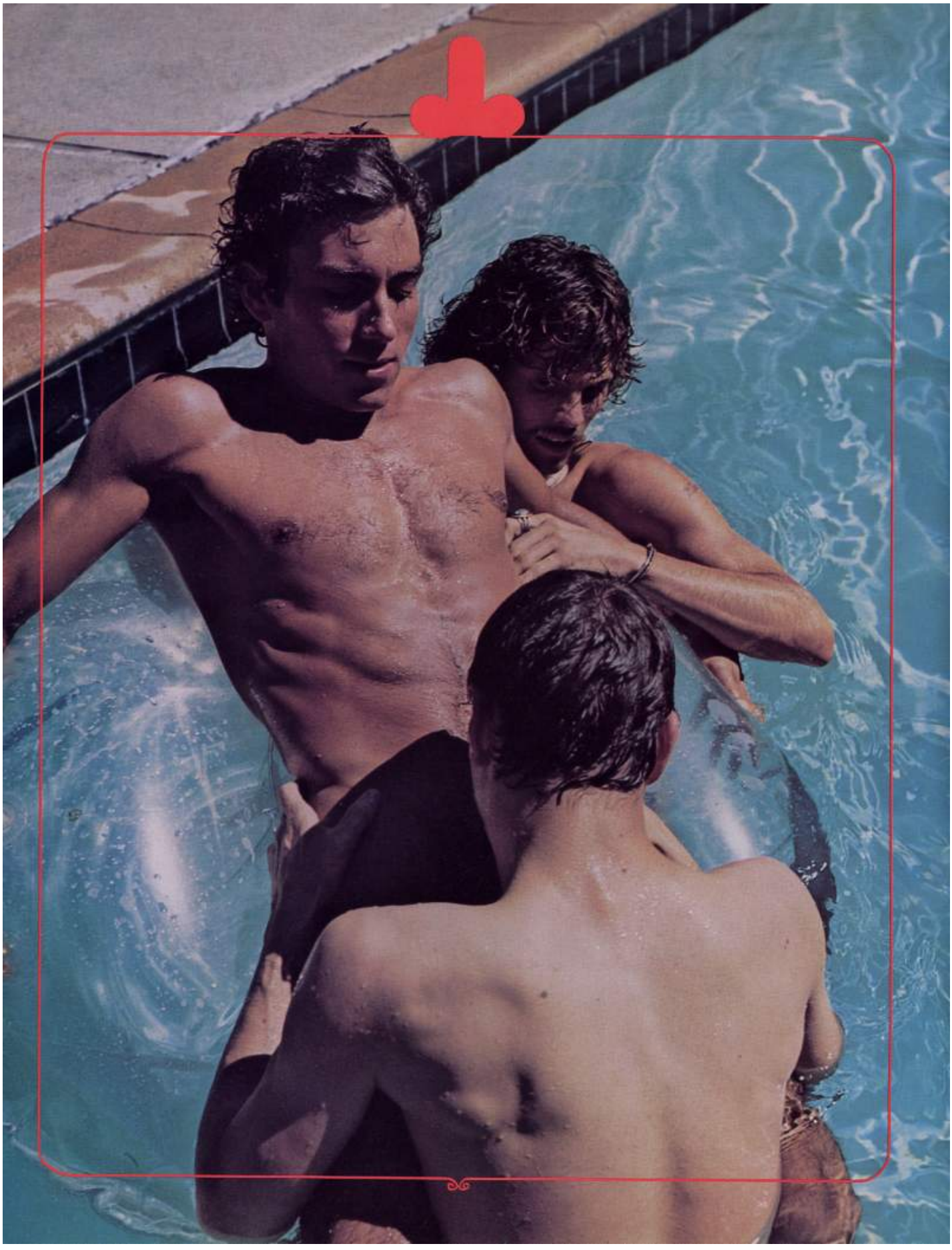
"Say," said Joe quietly at last, "are there any more at home like you?"

Ben smiled at Joe as he traced the outline of his face with a fingertip. "Yeah, as a matter of fact there is," he replied with a grin. "There's my roommate Russ, and he'd just *love* to get his hands on a gorgeous stud like you!"

"And you?" Joe asked with interest.

Ben reached down and gripped Joe's cock firmly, feeling it growing at his very touch. "I've already got my hands on you," he replied.

"No," said Joe seriously, "that's not what I meant. I mean,



are you the jealous type, or can Russ and I swing with no hang-ups?"

"Listen, baby," said Ben, "whatever Russ wants is okay with me. And vice versa. We both learned a long time ago that you can't hold onto anybody by making him feel like a prisoner. Come on home with me. I think you'll really dig Russ, and I'm sure he'll dig you!"

Eagerly they got to their feet and started dressing.

"You know," Joe said as he started to pull on his pants. "I read a book once. . . ."

"Congratulations!" laughed Ben.

Joe reached out and slapped Ben playfully on his still-naked rump. "Shut up, silly," he said, "and you might learn something. In this book it said that if you loved someone you should let go of them. If they come back to you, they're yours forever. If they don't come back, then they were never yours."

Ben finished dressing and looked at Joe with admiration. "Hey," he said, "you're not only a great lay, you're a living, breathing fortune cookie, too!"

They both laughed merrily and fell into each other's arms. Clinging together happily, they started off to Ben's house.

While Ben and Joe had been getting acquainted in the park, Billy and Bob had been on their way over to the beautiful, sprawling home that Ben shared with Russ.

When they arrived they knocked at the front door, but got no answer.

"Okay, what now?" asked Bob.

"Let's try the pool," suggested

Billy. "Even if they're not there, they won't mind if we take a little dip while we wait for them."

"They won't mind if we go skinnydipping," amended Bob. "Remember the rule—nobody in the pool unless he's bare-assed."

Billy laughed. "That's only when Russ is there to watch," he said. "He's got a hard-on for your ass, you know."

"Well, the feeling's mutual."

As they made their way around the house to the pool area in back, Bob thought again of Russ' bare ass, which he had seen so often around the pool, and which he had fucked more than once during some of Russ and Ben's wilder parties, too. Just thinking about it gave him a partial hard-on, and he felt it springing to its full glory as they entered the patio area and he saw Russ' naked ass in the flesh.

Russ was lying on the diving board, stark-naked, soaking up the sun. Bob looked over at Billy and knew from the grin on his face that he found the sight as appealing as Bob did.

"Should we wake him?" Billy asked, grinning devilishly.

"Why?" answered Bob. "I could stand here and look at that glorious set of buns all after-

noon!"

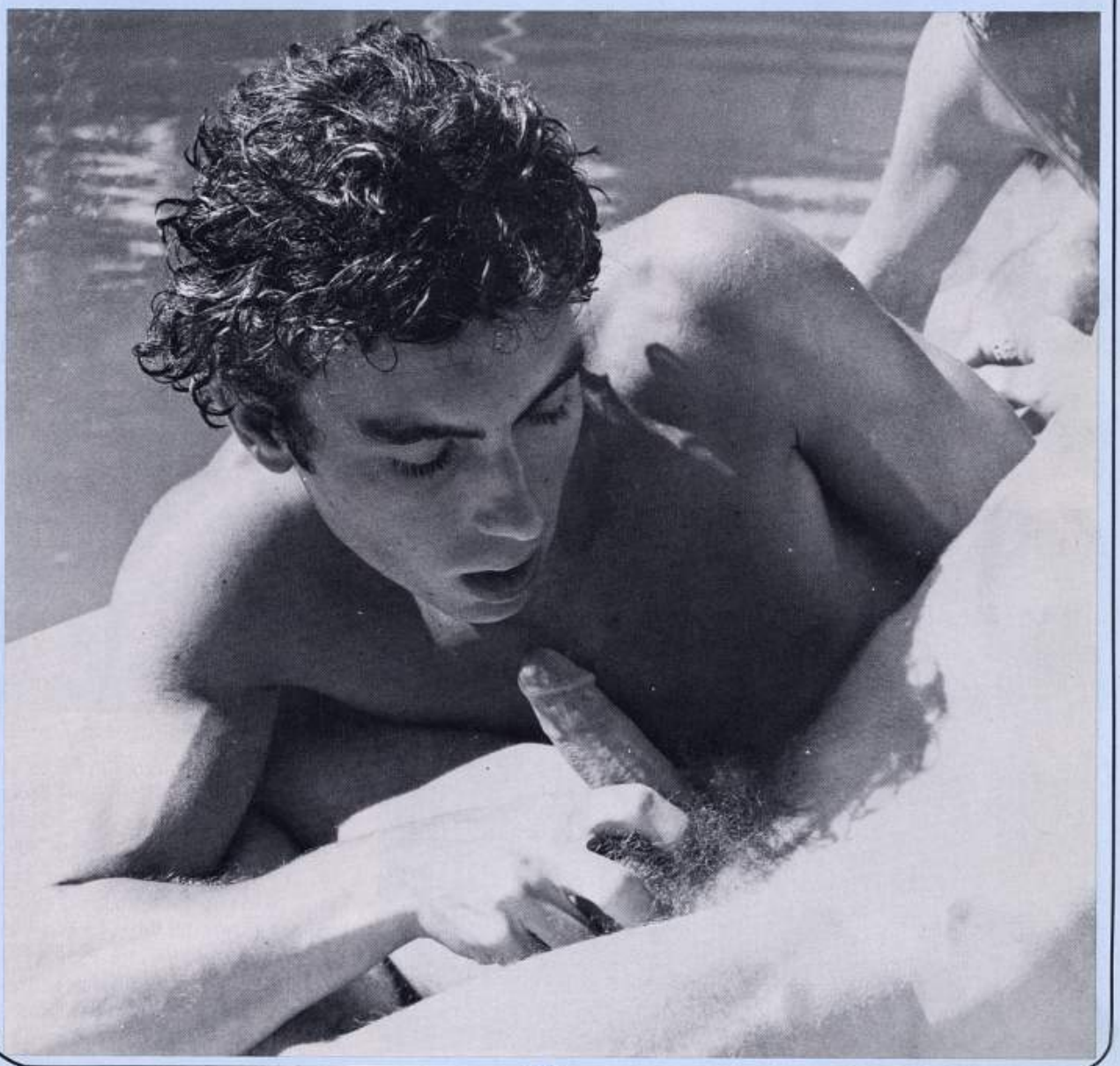
"Yeah," agreed Billy. "But of course if he were awake. . . ."

". . . I could do more than just *look!*" said Bob brightly. "Come on! Let's wake him up!"

With a smooth, coordinated effort, Bob grabbed Russ up by the shoulders and Billy grabbed his feet. They lifted him up off the diving board and heaved him in a smooth arc into the pool.

"Son of a . . !" shouted Russ. The last word was lost in an indecipherable gurgle as he hit the water. Russ floundered about for a minute, figuring out what had happened, and then he swam for the edge and allowed Billy and Bob to hoist him up out of the pool.

Billy drew Russ into a concilia-



tory kiss and Bob took the opportunity to run a friendly and exploring hand across Russ' back and especially his bottom.

"Do you guys have any idea how cold that goddamn water is?" Russ demanded when he caught his breath.

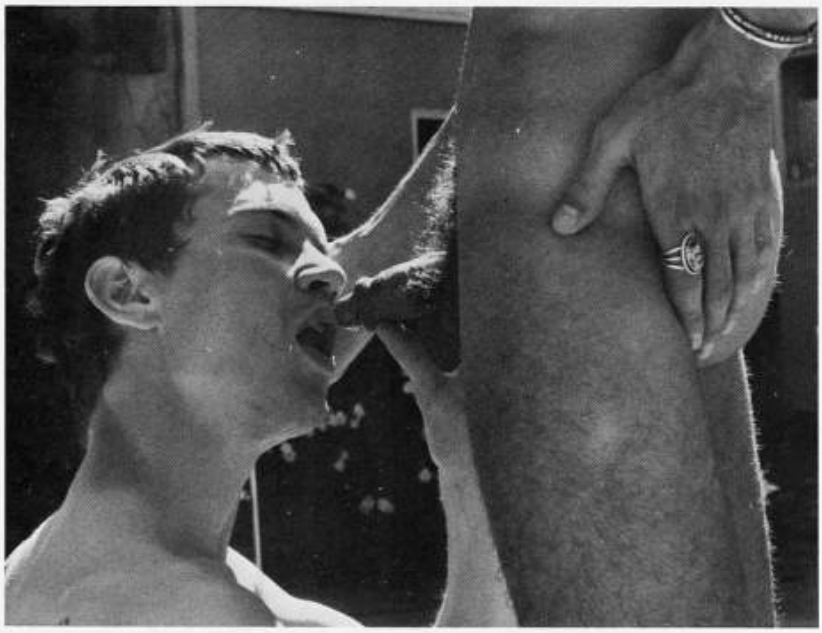
"Gee, Russ, I wouldn't know," answered Billy naively.

"Well," Russ said with mock ferociousness, "you're going to find out! Now you've got thirty seconds to get naked, or I'll break my own rule and throw you in with your clothes on!"

Quickly the two friends stripped down, Russ gladly helping Bob with his undershorts, and copping a feel or two in the process.

In a moment they were all three in the water, splashing about joyfully. In another minute they were all over each other, each with a raging hard-on that needed looking after.

Russ was the first one out of



the pool, draped across the edge as Bob kissed him passionately on the mouth and Billy went to work on his erection, thrusting up into the air like a flagpole. Russ lay back passively while the two experienced lovers did what they could do best—bring him closer and ever closer to the brink of ecstasy. Bob was soon out of the pool, too, kneeling beside Russ, their arms

entwined, exploring each other's bodies minutely as they continued to enter each other's mouths with their tongues.

Feeling Bob's huge and throbbing-hard cock, Russ just had to have it, and he quickly rolled over into a position in which he could comfortably take Bob's whole length into his mouth. He loved Bob's cock almost as much as he loved the boy's ass. It was long and smooth and rock-hard, and it felt so absolutely perfect in his mouth that he sometimes felt a twinge of jealousy that Billy could have him all night every night. But it was only a twinge—he and Billy were close friends, too, and they

shared Bob with that great emotional camaraderie with which loving friends always share that which they love most.

While Russ ran his tongue and lips and mouth lovingly over Bob's cock, Billy stood beside them in a position for Bob to do likewise to his cock. Bob anxiously took Billy's erect cock into his mouth, excited even more by the sight of Billy's taut, muscular, naked body standing above him.

Bob looked through Billy's legs and saw Russ' naked backside lying out along the edge of the pool, and the sight of that beautiful bare ass excited him almost to climax. How he loved that ass! How he longed to rim it once again, as he had at the party last week.

"Russ," he gasped out, "stand up! I want your ass. I want to suck on it and rim it, and ram my tongue up inside it!"

Eagerly, Russ leaped to his feet and immediately he felt Bob's hot breath at his asshole and Bob's talented tongue working deep down into his crevice.

Meanwhile, Billy knelt before him and started to work on his still-straining cock. Russ threw back his head and closed his eyes and turned loose all his emotions. Billy working on his cock, bringing him ever nearer the brink of climax, and Bob on his ass, working his own unique brand of magic! What else could he possibly hope for!

For Billy's cock, that's what!

Suddenly he longed to take Billy's raging hard-on into his own mouth and bring to him the same pleasure he was now getting from him.

Easily Russ lay out on his stomach on the lounge chair so that Bob could have his way with his asshole, drawing Billy around toward his face so that he could at the same time have his own way with Billy's cock.

Eagerly he went to work on Billy's cock, working up and down its length with his tongue and his mouth. All the while he felt Bob pulling him to his knees so his ass strained out toward Bob, inviting him to fuck it.

Bob needed little invitation. His cock fairly leaped at the sight of Russ' ass, covered with its downy hair, thrust up and out, the asshole exposed and waiting. Bob stepped up behind Russ, carefully worked the head of his cock into the asshole, and with one smooth, effortless thrust of his hips, buried himself deeply within Russ' bowels.

That was all it took. As his cock slid down inside Russ, Bob felt a growing tension within his loins and he knew that he couldn't hold it back for long, whether he wanted to or not. And he certainly didn't want to! Russ continued to work on Billy, and Bob knew from the expression on his face that Billy was almost as close to climax as he himself was.

Billy's breath was coming in short, sharp gasps, and then suddenly he let out a prolonged sigh and Bob knew that he was releasing a hot load of cum into Russ' mouth. At that moment Bob eased the strain with which he had been holding himself back and in a sudden rush, he too felt himself being emptied into Russ. One surge after another poured into

Russ' ass, and when he finally pulled himself out he let another spurt and still another shoot over Russ' gorgeous ass, coating it with his cum.

Russ sank down onto the lounge chair. "Oh, wow!" he sighed. And again, "Oh, wow!"

"Hey," gasped Billy after a moment, "where's Ben, anyway? Isn't he around to join in on the fun?"

"He went out earlier," said Russ, "but he may be back by now. Why don't you guys check in the house? I'm too pooped to move right now!"

"Ha!" laughed Bob, giving Russ' upturned ass a sharp slap with his open hand. "Getting old, huh? Can't take the pace anymore!"

Russ wiggled his ass provocatively, but did not reply. Billy and Bob pulled on their pants and headed for the house to find Ben, leaving Russ to bask a while longer in the warm summer sun.

When Billy and Bob came into the large living room of Russ and Ben's house, they discovered that Ben had, indeed, gotten home while they had been on the patio with Russ. He was lying in front of the fireplace with Joe. Both of them were naked, and they were entwined in a passionate kiss.

"I know that that's Ben on top," Billy commented to Bob. "I recognize the ass. But who's the one on the bottom?"

"Gee," replied Bob, "I haven't a clue. How about it, Ben?"

"Fellows, meet Joe," Ben mumbled, not wanting to break his kiss to conduct the introductions.

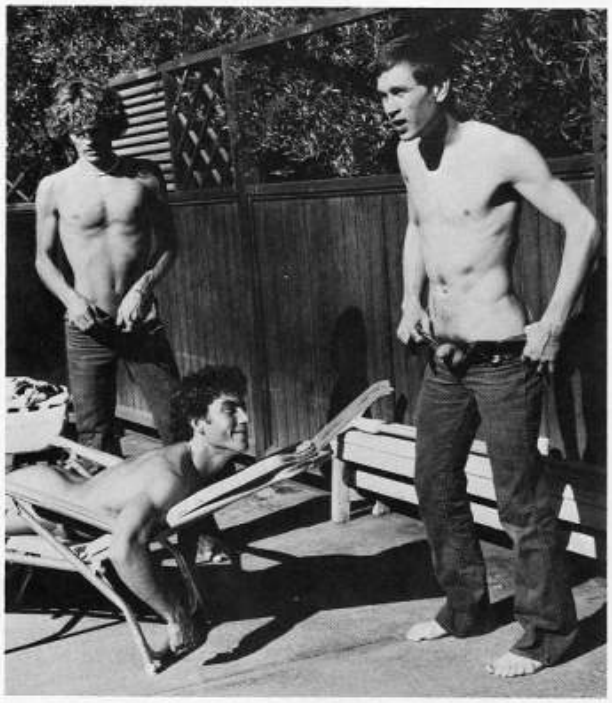
"Hey, fella," said Billy, grabbing Ben by his stiff cock and pulling him off of Joe, "didn't anyone ever tell you it's not polite to talk with your mouth full?"

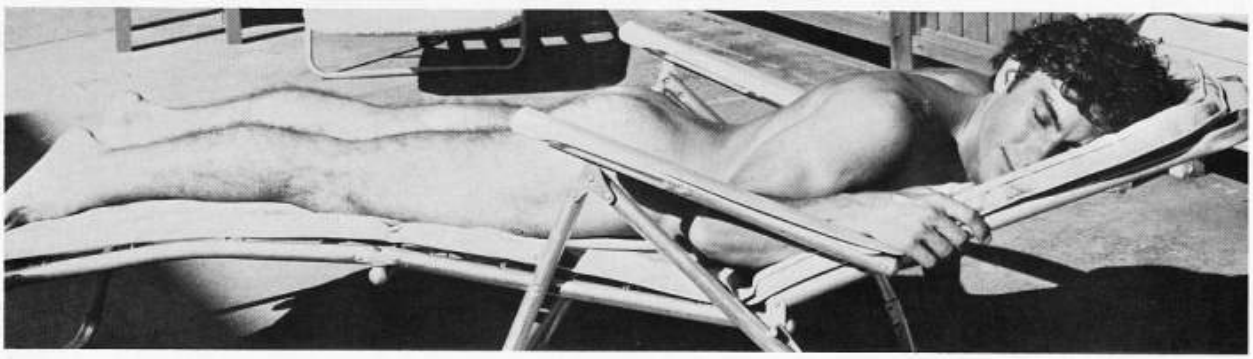
Billy looked Joe over with undisguised interest, and when the gleam in Joe's eye told him that he returned the interest, Billy left Ben and went immediately for Joe's large and very stiff cock. Not

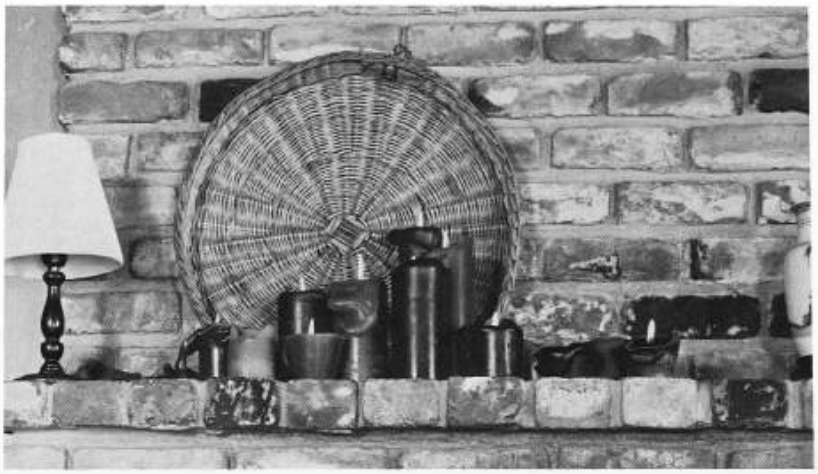
wanting Ben to feel left out, Bob gladly went down on him, thrilling to the feel of Ben's large joint in his mouth.

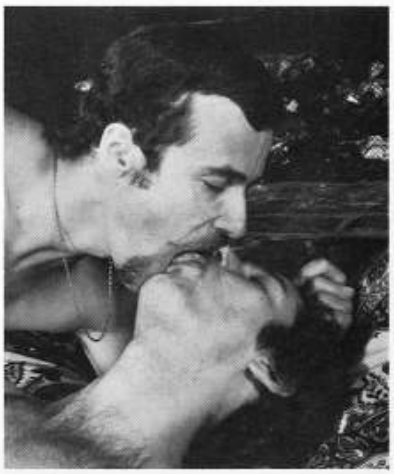
Meanwhile, Joe easily worked his way around on the floor until he was in a 69 position with Billy, and the two of them began working each other into a heightened state of excitement. Billy thrilled to the feel of a new cock in his mouth, an unfamiliar body against his, a strange pair of arms around him, caressing his back and his buttocks and his legs.

Ben was also enjoying the attentions of Bob, but he longed to once more take Bob's extraordinarily long, smooth cock into his mouth, and so gently he eased Bob into a standing position in front of him. Slowly, prolonging the excitement, he opened Bob's pants and pulled out his cock, already fully erect in anticipation. While Bob tugged down his pants and stepped out of them, Ben worked hungrily on his massive



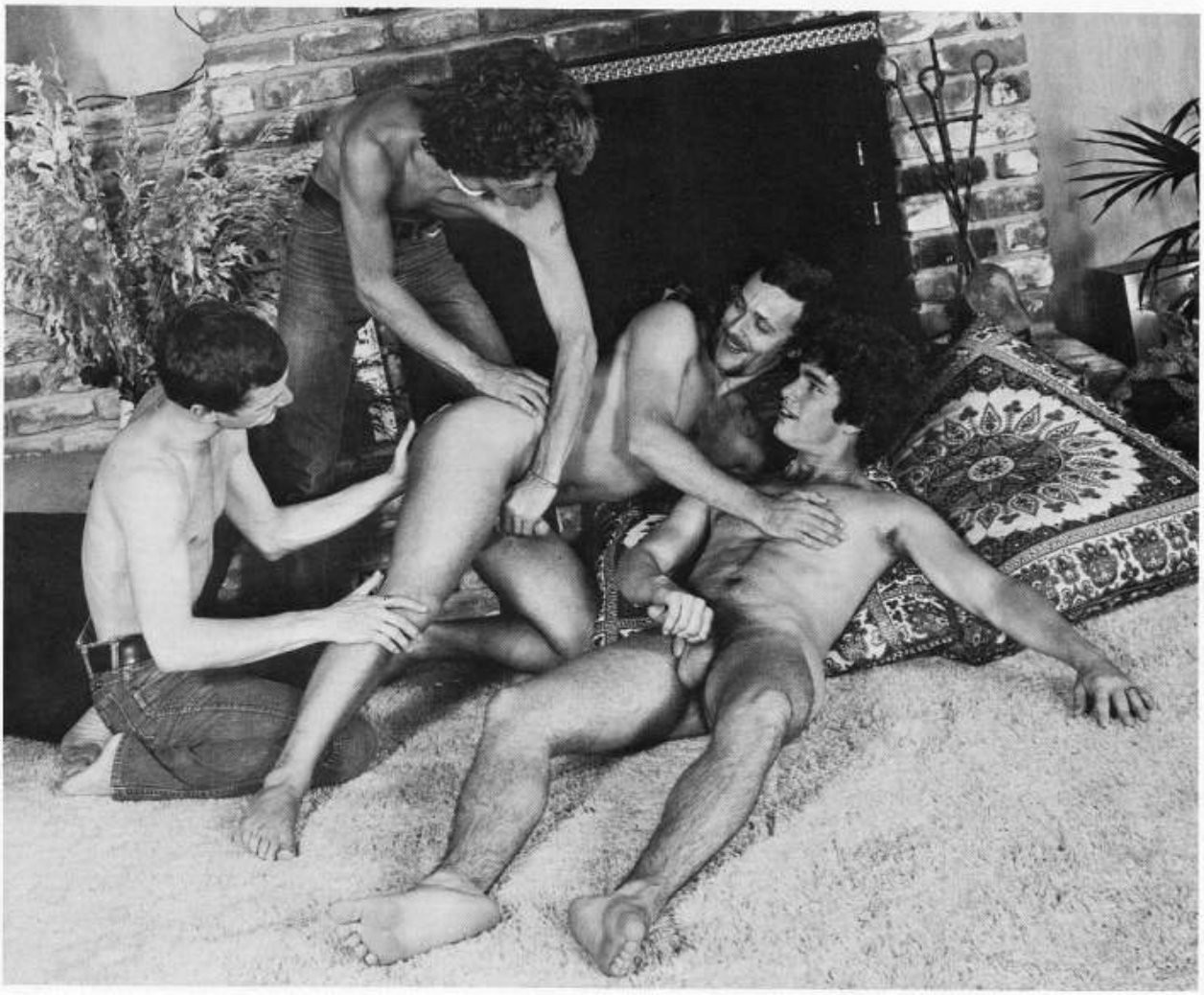


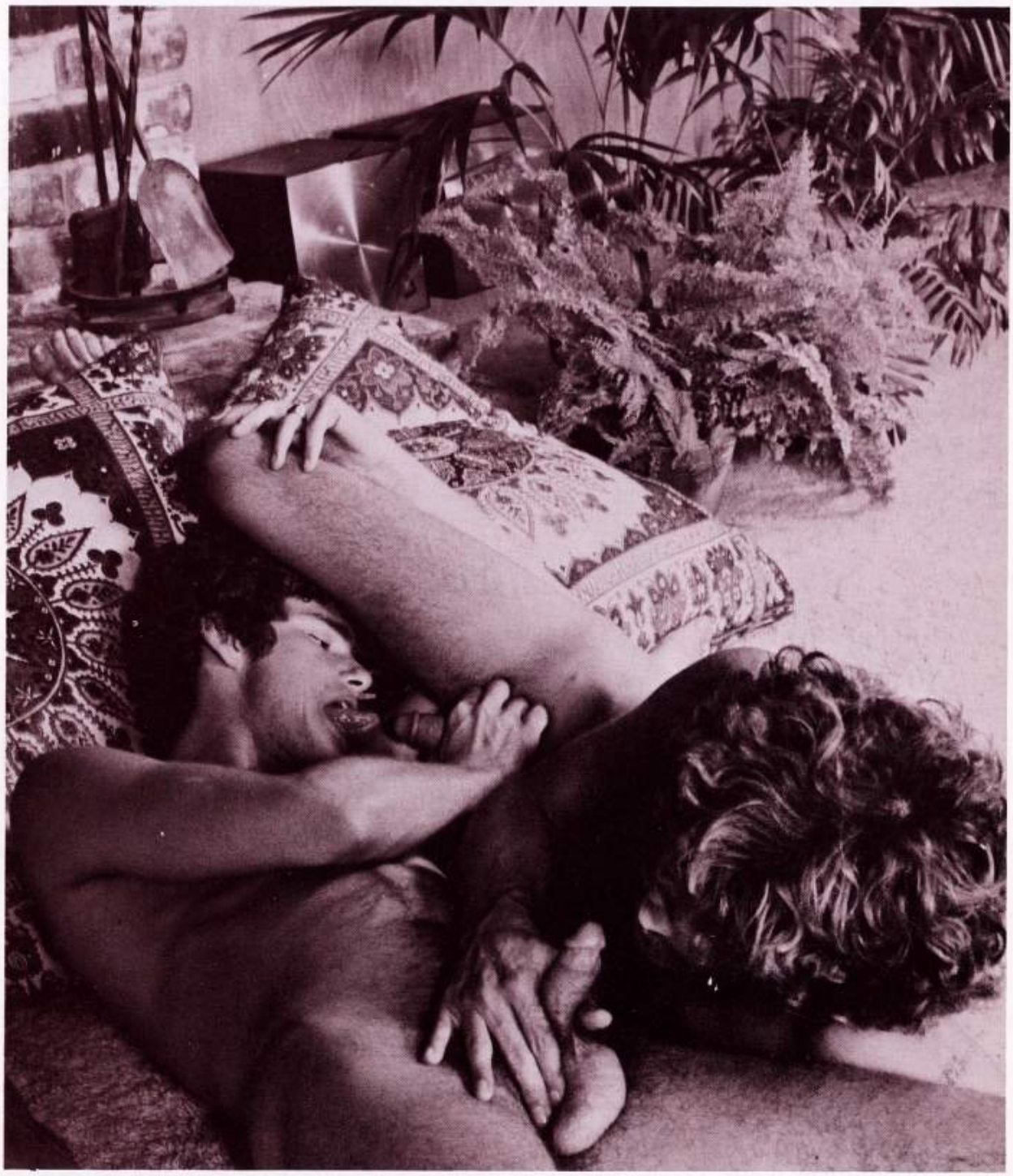




cock.

In a minute Bob sank to his knees, pulling Ben down to the floor with him. They rolled over against Billy and Joe, who were still working eagerly on each other, and soon their four bodies were all over one another, each hungry mouth seeking out the cock nearest it, until the great sexual tangle of arms and legs and cocks and bodies sorted itself out and the four formed a continuous daisy chain, each of them working on another's throbbing cock.





It was onto this scene that Russ stumbled, coming in from the pool and looking for Billy and Bob, who had never returned to him.

"Whew!" whistled Russ in admiration at the ingenuity of the intertwined four-way at his feet. "You guys look like something out of one of those sexy magazines at the adult bookstore! Are you sure you don't have a photographer hiding somewhere in the rhododendron preserving all this? You could call it 'The Horny Young Studs' or something."

"Come on in! The water's fine," invited Billy, talking around Joe's cock.

"It's not polite to talk with your mouth full," he was reminded by Ben, who had Billy's cock in his own mouth at the time.

Always ready to participate, Russ quickly stripped of his trousers and leaped into the action. As he did, the daisy chain broke up,

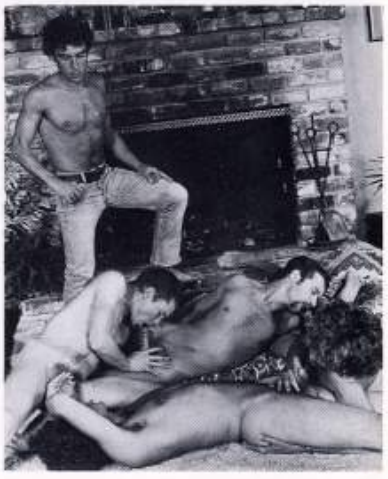
Ben and Bob pairing off by themselves and Billy moving around so that Joe could take his cock into his mouth. This left Joe's cock unattended and looking very much as though it missed the attention. Russ took Joe's cock in hand, studied it carefully, licked it once, wrapped his tongue around the responsive head, and finally took the whole length into his mouth.

After he had worked on Joe's cock for a long moment, Russ again looked at it, studying the pulsing veins carefully. "Aha!" he said at last. "Just as I thought! I've never seen *you* before!"

Ben looked up from where Bob was fucking him eagerly and said, "Oh, Russ, that's Joe. I found him in the park today. He's a great guy, and good sex, too."

"So I see," replied Russ, and once more he sank his mouth down over Joe's waiting cock.

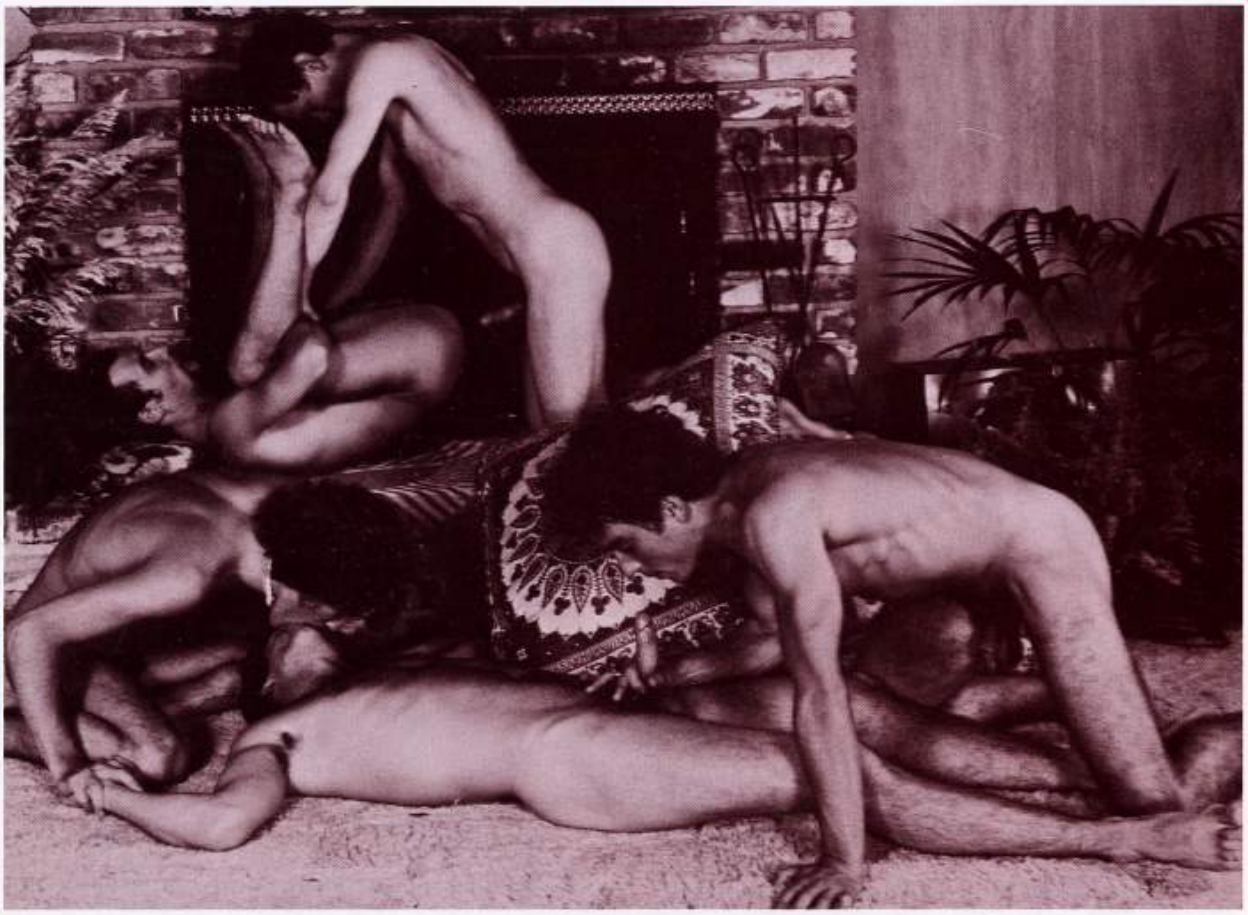
Bob continued to fuck Ben, arching over Ben's body as Ben threw his legs back and rolled his asshole upwards to greet Bob's



passionate cock.

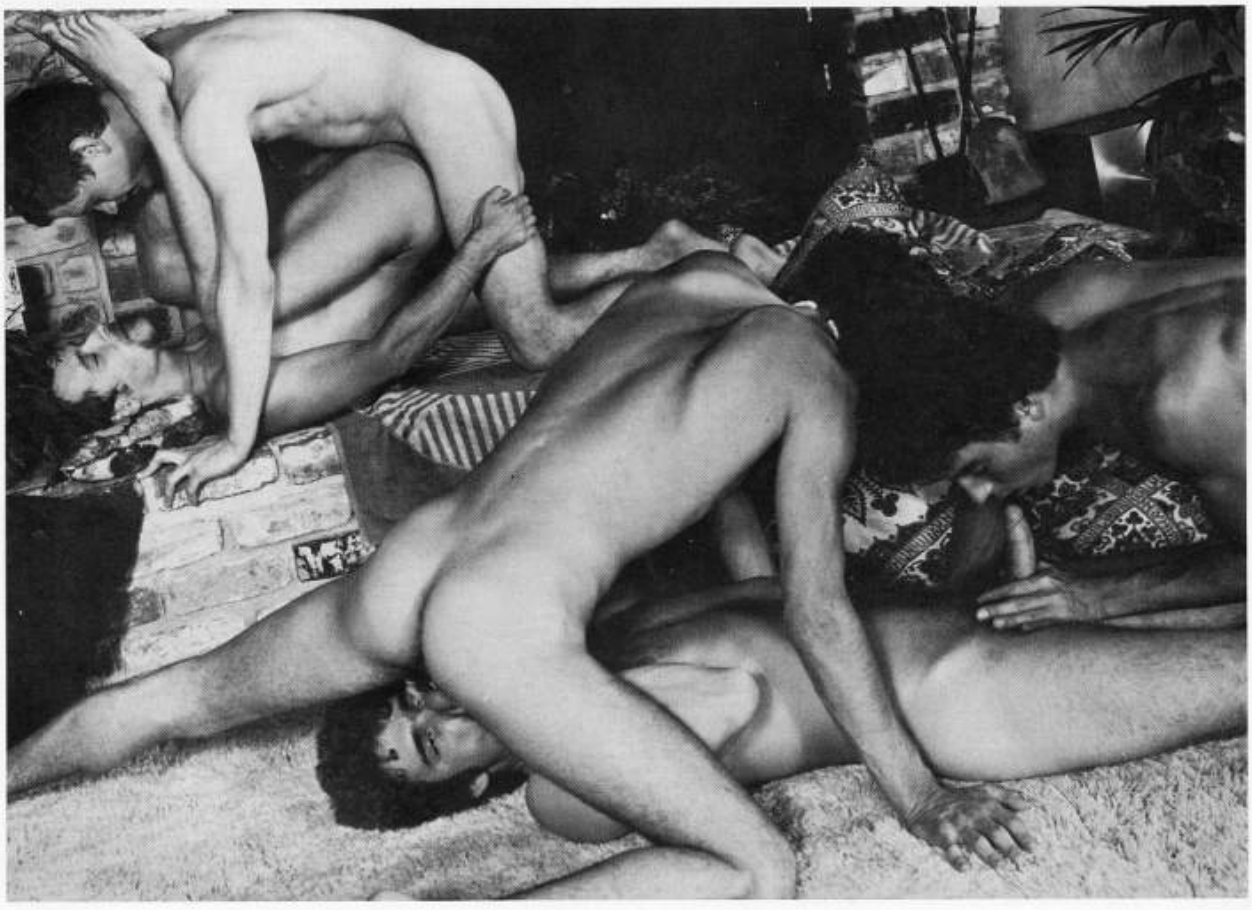
Meanwhile Billy had moved around behind Russ, who was still on his hands and knees, working strenuously on Joe's cock. Seeing Russ' ass thrust upwards toward him was nearly enough to bring Billy off. He moved in easily behind Russ, and with a careful motion, so as not to disturb Russ' concentration on Joe, he slid his cock into Russ' ass.

Billy groaned passionately with the exquisite pleasure of feeling himself buried deep inside Russ. The warmth, the tenseness, the beauty of Russ beneath him, all combined to bring Billy an even greater sense of the erotic. He



looked over at Bob and Ben. They were both now gasping audibly as Bob approached nearer to climax. Then he looked down at Joe, who was being sucked off by Russ, and he saw the blind excitement in his face.

Suddenly Billy exploded. His cum rushed forth into Russ, wave after wave, draining him of the last bit of energy he had been able to muster after this day of sexual excitement. With a contented sigh, Billy sank back against a pillow and watched as the others each climaxed around him. First there was Bob, crying out in pleasure as he came inside Ben. Bob sank down on top of Ben, embracing



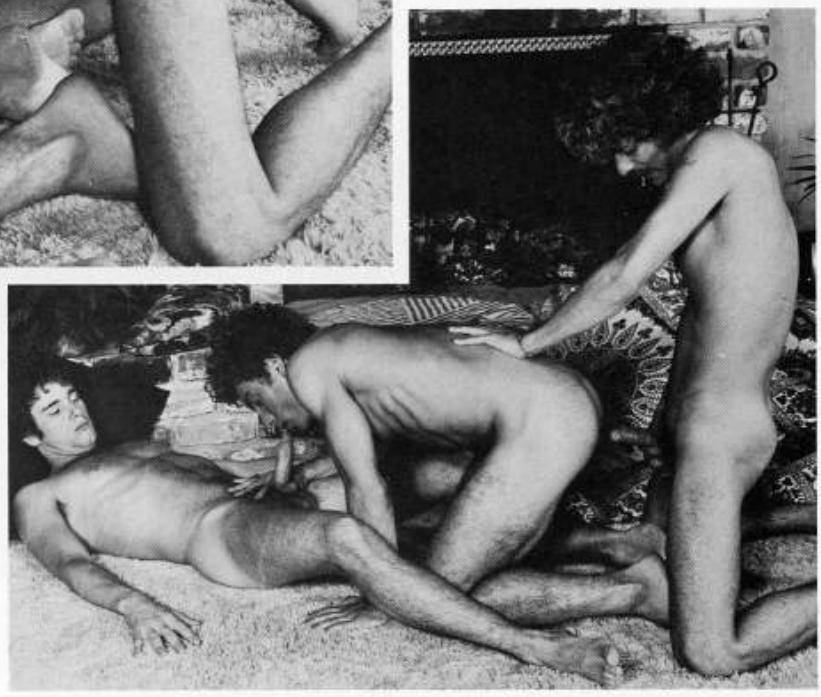
him fondly, and Billy reached up leisurely and stroked one cheek of Bob's silky smooth ass.

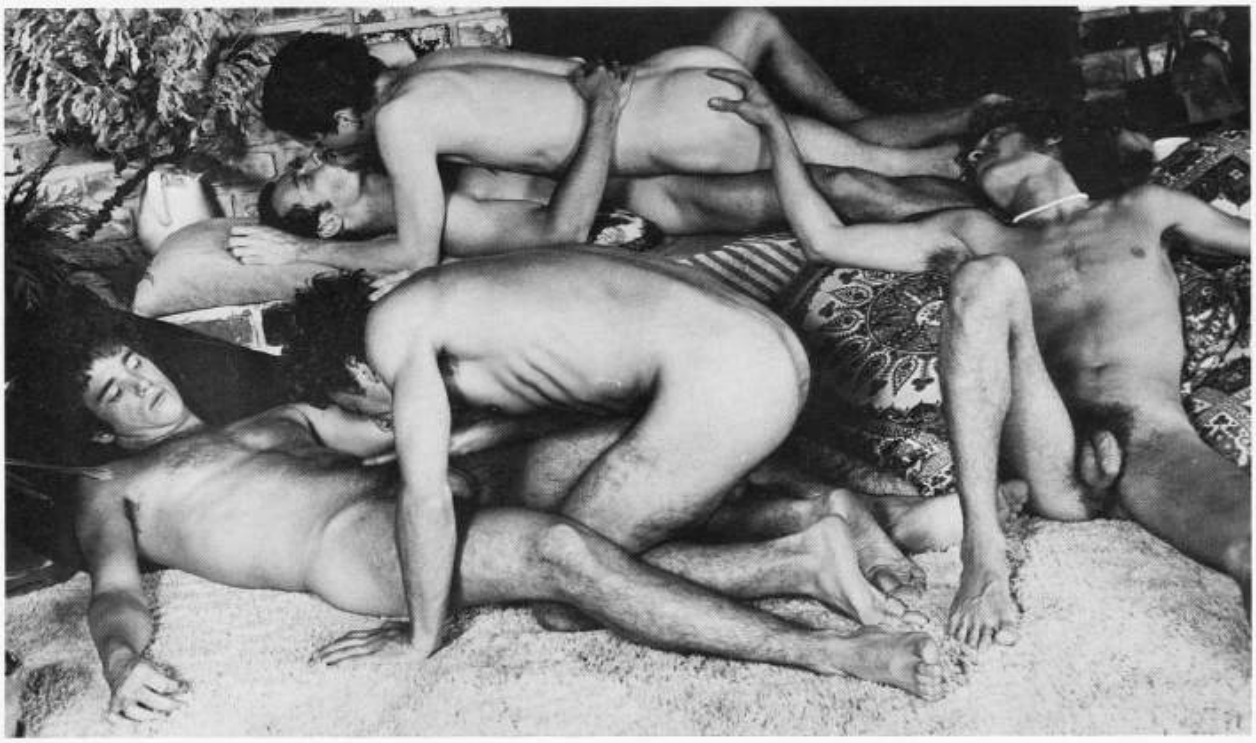
With a cry, Joe came into Russ' mouth. His sleek, muscular body arched from the floor in passion, and Russ gripped him by the hips and sucked down every drop of cum that he was able to give. Billy, still lying back contemplatively, studied Joe's face. A beautiful face, he decided. A beautiful face to go with the beautiful body. He loved Bob first and foremost, to be sure, but he would certainly not complain about sharing their bed with Joe from time to time, just as he couldn't complain about their erotic relationship with Ben and Russ.

He enjoyed the diversity of his sex life, Billy decided, but most of all he enjoyed Bob. He thrilled to be able to claim Bob as his own, to be shared with special friends, but to always return to his own bed when the fun and games were over and pure love was the order of the day.

As the five friends lay exhausted in each other's arms, Billy gestured to Bob, asking with a subtle twist of the head whether Bob also found Joe exciting and worthwhile. Bob nodded back just as subtly, and Billy turned to Joe.

"Hey," he asked off-handedly, "if you're not doing anything better tonight, how about joining





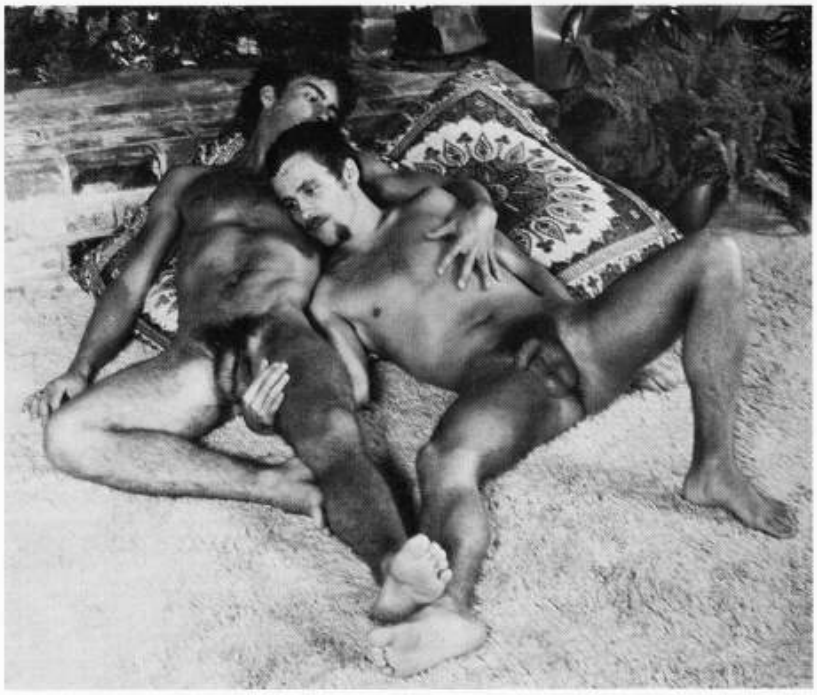
Bob and me for dinner? Then afterwards, maybe we could toss the old salad a little more. What do you say?"

Joe grinned broadly. "Fine by me," he said. He and Bob and Billy got up and began slowly to dress, leaving Ben and Russ in a playful embrace before the fireplace.

"Wow!" sighed Joe as he pulled on his pants. "I didn't have any idea what I was getting in for when I ran across Ben in the park this morning! You guys are four *very* horny studs!"

Bob smiled at him. "Well," he said, "you look like you're probably able to keep up with us!"

"You bet your sweet ass," Joe said emphatically. "And even if I drop over trying . . . what a way to go!"



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